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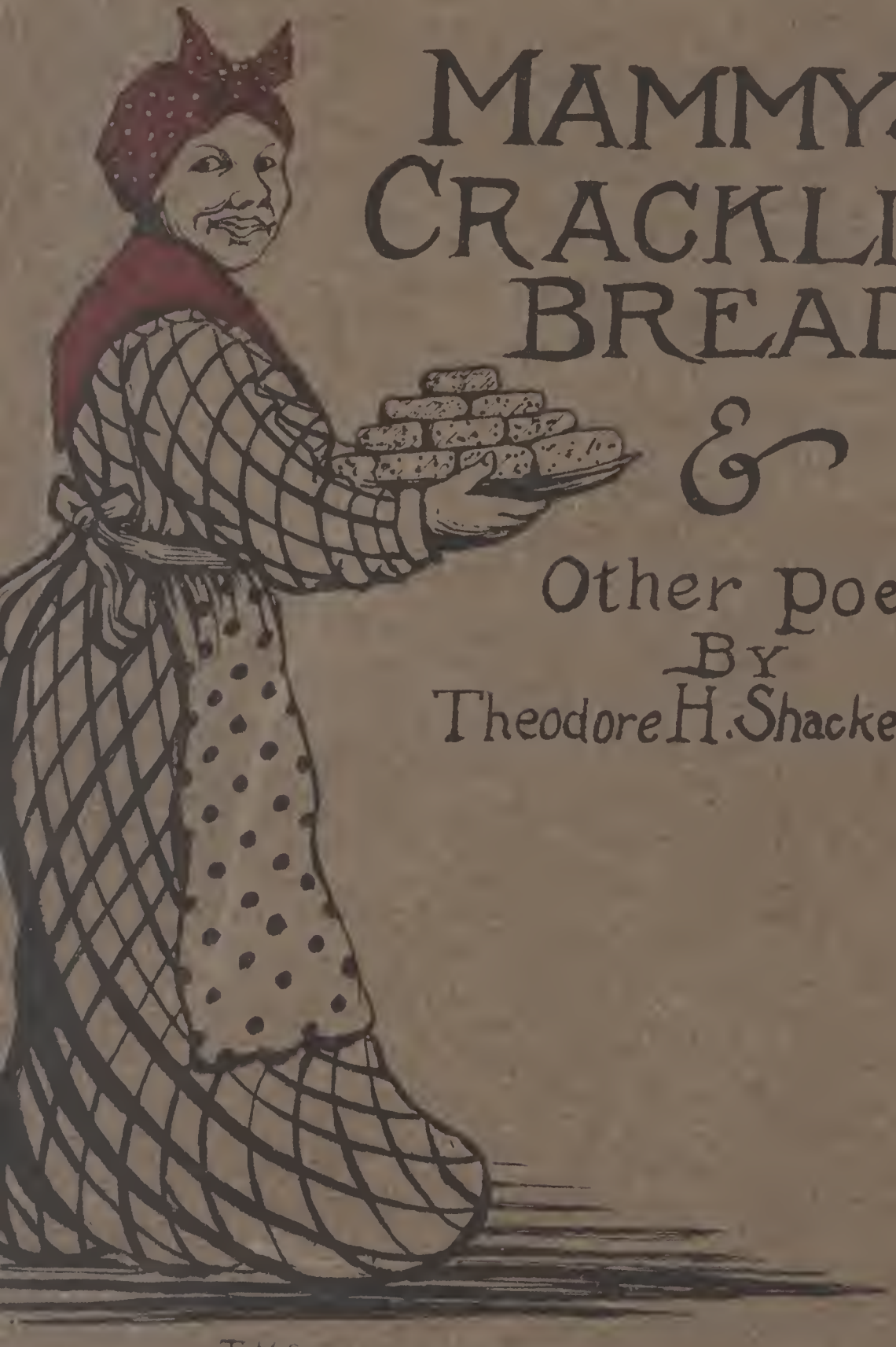

MAMMY'S CRACKLIN' BREAD.

&

Other Poems

BY

Theodore H. Shackelford.

T.H.S.

THEODORE HENRY SHACKELFORD

Mammy's Cracklin' Bread
and Other Poems

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By the Author

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No. 1

MAMMY'S CRACKLIN' BREAD

Sometimes when you has done yo' bes',
But t'ings has all gone wrong,
An' troubles almos' weights you down,
As you goes walkin' 'long.
An', p'r'aps, you's got de rheumatiz,
An' pains across yo' head;
Why, all you need to fix you up
Is jis some cracklin' bread.

Dat bread it wo'ks like magic, suh;
You pains all vanish 'way;
An' when you finish eatin' it
You's feelin' mighty gay.
No mattah if all day you feet
Has felt like chunks ob lead,
You jis feels like a-prancin' when
You eats dat cracklin' bread.

Now we has lots o' mode'n cooks
What t'inks dey knows a lot,
But as faw makin' cracklin' bread,
Why dey can't eben staht.
My mammy was a "old-time cook,"
So all ouah neighbo's said;
But what made me so proud ob huh
Was mammy's cracklin' bread.

Now cracklin's was de t'ings she got
  When she had tried out lahd,
An' cooked de fat an' skins an' stuff
  'Till dey was crisp and hahd.
And mammy said when she was young
  On cracklin's she was fed,
Dat's why she was so good, you see
  At makin' cracklin' bread.

An' when she took dat salt an' meal
  An' put it in de pan,
Thowed in 'bout dat much cracklin's den,
  An' stirred it wid her han',
Po'wed in a quaht ob souah milk,
  An' had de oben red;
Why, you could smell a mile away
  Dat good ole cracklin' bread.

On Satu'days my fathah would
  Dat grist mill go an' seek,
An' he would bring home on his back
  Co'n meal to las' a week.
'Cause Sundays, when de chu'ch was out,
  An' benediction said,
Folks sho' would flock to ouah house
  To git dat cracklin' bread.

Once I was bad in Sunday school
  An' stomped an' kicked my feet,
When teacher come to tell on me,
  Paw axed him in to eat;
He stuffed an' stuffed an' den got up,
  'Thout op'nin' his head,
  An' what kep' him from tellin' sho,
  Was mammy's cracklin' bread.

Once when my Paw was cuttin' wood,
  He got hit in de eye;
He come home in de amberlance,
  De doctah said he'd die.
He wrapped his head all up in gauze,
  An' propped him up in bed;
But when he called nex' mornin', Paw
  Was eatin' cracklin' bread.

An' den my bruthah taken sick,
  Doc said he couldn't live.
  An' nothin' but raw eggs an' milk
  My maw to him should give.
But mammy jis did opposite
  To all de doctah said,
Dat kid got strong an' healthy, too,
  On mammy's cracklin' bread.

Once when a 'oman brought her chile
  To play on ouah lawn,
A bulldog run right at de kid
  Befo' dat she was gone.
An' he was sho' fierce-lookin', too,
  His eyes was big an' red.
He looked so bad dat mammy run
  An' lef' huh cracklin' bread.

"Oh, Lord, please save dat baby, do!"
  My mammy cried wid feah.
An' mammy's prayeh was answ'ed den,
  Aldough no help seemed neah.
I stopped him in his head-long rush—
  I th'owed an' knocked him dead!
I hit dat bulldog wid a hunk
  Ob mammy's cracklin' bread!

DE DEACON'S MISTAKE

Now Hi'am Ephum Johnson was
  A pusson ob renown,
A deacon in de Baptist Chu'ch,
  De oldest in de town;
Respected by bofe white an' black,
  Because ob kindly ways,
Which dough peculiar wah conceived
  In dose dahk slav'ry days,

An' many tales de deacon tol',
  Which brought teahs to de eyes,
Ob dose who heahd an' filled dey heahts
  Wid sorrow an' surprise.
He tole ob slav'ry, sin an' shame,
  An' deed ob dahkest hue,
He told dem ob One crucified,
  Who died fo' me an' you.

An' sinnahs trimbled when dey saw
  Him comin' down de street,
An' always doffed dey hats to him
  Wheah evah dey might meet.
An' always, too, in meetin's daih
  Wah many groans an' sighs,
As deacon prayed yo' thoughts arose
  Frum ea'th to vaulted skies.

But yet, in spite ob all ob dis,
De deacon he would go
An' stay away faw half de night,
Whaih? no one seemed to know.
An' people den begun to talk,
An' sometimes laugh or smile;
But Deacon Johnson went to chu'ch
An' prayed on all de while.

De meetin' did not seem complete
If deacon was not daih;
No one could raise de hymns like he,
Naw no one lead in praih.
But strange t'ings happen in dis life,
De dumb is made to talk,
An' sometimes dose lame fum dey youth
Take up dey beds an' walk.

So deacon, now by habit bent,
Strolled down de road one night,
An' some one seen him sneakin' in
When it was broad daylight.
'Twas Sunday, an' dough deacon knowed
Dat he was in de lu'ch
He put on his Prince Albert coat
An' went on off to chu'ch.

But dough he tried so very ha'd
His vigil still to keep,
His eyelids kep' a-drappin' 'till
Dey finely closed in sleep.
An' he would sort o' nod his head
An' slowly move his han's
Aroun' in semicircles like
So many little fans.

De preachuh finished up his talk
While he was sleepin' daih,
An' said, "If Bruddah Johnson's heah,
Will he please lead in praih?"
"Yes, daih he is!" some sistah said,
Expectin' him to lead;
Dat fan'like motion still kep' on—
He was asleep, indeed.

An' when de preachah looked an' saw,
He said with thund'rous roah,
Dat rattled 'gainst de window-panes,
An' rolled on out de doah,
"Ouah bruddah seems to be asleep.
Some tonic he must need!
Now, Bruddah Johnson, when you wake,
Will you please kindly lead?"

Dat dis was still de night befo',
Good Deacon Johnson felt.
An' he said, "No, suh, lead yo'-self,
You know dat I jis dealt!"
Well, folks, I tell you now dat chu'ch
Was nigh tu'ned upside-down,
An' when 'twas foun' dat he played cards,
De Deacon lef' de town.

A lesson, too, he lef' behin'
Faw folks who seemed to doubt,
Dat it is true, de sins you do,
Will sometimes fin' you out.
An' sayin' high-faultin' praihs
Don't help a single bit,
When in yo' heaht you's nothin' but
A low-down hyppocrite.

DE SWEET CO'N PATCH

In thinkin' 'bout de days gone by,
(Dem sho' was happy days)
I sometimes stops an' dwells upon
My pas', wild, reckless ways.
An' den I hab to wondah whaih
Dat I right now would be,
If som'pin hadn't teched my heaht
An' made a change in me.

'Cause I would go in comp'ny bad,
An' we wid joy would shout,
When in de wustest debbilment
Dat we could tink about,
But one time—which I 'members well—
When I sho' met my match,
Was when I went one time too much,
In Youngses' sweet co'n patch.

Mos' ebry night we'd go out daih
Wid sha'pened sticks an' wiah,
An' we would steal de bigges' yeahs
An' roas' 'em in de fiah.
An' so one evenin' as de sun
Was slowly goin' down,
You mout ha' seen me on de road
'Bout half a mile frum town.

I fust come to a fiel' ob beans,
  An' den de sweet co'n patch,
I slipped in froo de wiah fence
  An' nebber got a scratch.
Now ole man Young dat vaihy day,
  While he was strollin' roun',
Had seen de cobs an' shucks we lef'
  A layin' on de groun'.

He stopped an' studied up a way
  Dat he could hab some fun.
He sent his wife to town an' got
  Some rock-salt faw his gun.
Now when he shot dat gun ob his
  It sho' did make some fuss.
It flaihed out kind o' funnel shape—
  'Twas called a blundah-buss.

Well, as I slid in froo dat fence,
  An' stood upon his place,
Why, "Ole Man Young" an' dat ah gun
  Was lookin' in my face!
An' he stood daih faw quite a while,
  But not a wohd he said.
An' great big draps ob sweat like dat
  Popped out upon my head.

An' I was tremblin' in de knees,
  An' knowed not what to do,
Until he went to prime dat gun,
  An' den I almos' flew!
You ought to seen me cleah dat fence,
  An' git out ob dat co'n,
He yelled at me to halt, you know,
  But I jis kep' right on.

An' when he seen I didn't stop,
When he tol' me to halt,
He raised dat blundah-buss an' filled
My breeches full ob salt!
An' den I did commence to sprint,
I made a awful dash,
An' passed dat co'n an' beans so fas'
It looked like succotash

An' as I clim' de hill faw home
My eyes was filled with teahs,
Which was de las' dat I has shed
In lo! dese fohty yeahs.
'Cause now if I gits in a place
Whaih trouble's apt to hatch,
My mind goes back wid lightnin' speed
To dat ah sweet co'n patch.

THY CALLING

If thou shouldst have a mission in this life,
A something which thou feelest thou must do,
Be not too quick to tell the world thy plan,
But first make sure thy cause be just and true.
And when by careful study, too, and prayer
Thou hast convinced thyself that thou art right,
Then never let that vision fade from view,
But to attain it strive with all thy might.

And should a doubting horde deride and frown,
Or at thy failure clap their hands with glee,
Straight up and to the front hold thou thy head,
And close thine ears, nor use thine eyes to see.
But if some loving friend thy praise should sing,
Let not thy heart be overfilled with pride;
But bow thy head with meekness and with fear,
Lest some faint trace of vanity abide.

For when the heart of man becometh vain,
Disaster soon doth follow in his wake;
But meekness is a rock that sinketh deep,
Which all the hosts of Satan cannot shake.
To thine appointed calling then be true,
And on the star of hope hold fast thine eyes,
And know that thou canst conquer if thou wilt,
Then shalt thou almost surely gain the prize.

But shouldst by some sad chance thou fail,
And fall sore wounded in life's constant fray,
Cringe not, as would a cur beneath the lash,
Nor to the foeman's blackest threat give way!
But dare to let him see, though all be o'er,
That still thy soul doth cling to what is right!
Then may thou close thine eyes and rest in peace.
For truly thou hast won a noble fight.

A RACE FOR LIFE

Far in the wilds of Canada,
  Deep in the timber belt,
Where giant hemlocks skyward rose
  A logger's family dwelt.
And in the spring the logs were cut,
  And seasoned for the mill;
In summer all his time it took
  His plot of ground to till.

In autumn there was harvesting,
  And other work to do,
Supplies to get, and firewood,
  To last the winter through.
And when at length by snow and ice
  The forest kings were crowned
And nature slept all clothed in white,
  Still work enough was found.

For then the logger plied his trade,
  And made a trip each day,
And to the siding took his logs
  Some fifteen miles away.
Returning thus one afternoon,
  He struck the lonely road
Which lay between his home and him
    When he had sold his load.

"Get up, my beauties," then said he—
His horses forward sprang,
And clear upon the frosty air
The many sleigh bells rang.
The woods lay dark and still and bare,
And from the trees around,
No echo broke upon his ears
Except the sleighbells' sound.

He still drove on his prancing steeds,
For anxious then was he
To reach his home before the night,
And wife and children see.
Then of a sudden came a sound
That fills strong hearts with fear,
The horses, too, that sound have heard,
With fright they plunge and rear.

And closer now there comes again
A long blood curdling wail,
It was a wolf, the driver knew,
His face turned deathly pale.
And soon that sound was multiplied
As others joined the chase;
Then as the driver snapped his whip
A race for life took place.

The horses shook their flowing manes,
Their heads were outward tost,
Their hoof beats rained upon the snow,
Then on the air were lost.
Could he but reach the clearing first,
There in its friendly space,
The driver knew a chance he stood
That howling pack to face.

And so he drove his frightened steeds
  And called them out by name,
Up, Dandy! Lil'! Hi Jack, you scamp!
  And on the pack still came.
Then mingled with the howl of wolves,
  The silver sleigh bells rang,
For out in air the driver's whip
  Above the horses sang.

The wolves, half starving, see their meal
  About to slip away,
They snapping, snarling as they come,
  Strive to surround the prey.
The driver rises to his feet,
  The reins he clutches tight;
And lifts the horses in their stride
  And drives with all his might.

Gone is his cap and torn by wolves,
  His hair tost by the wind,
The comfort tied about his neck
  Is streaming out behind.
His veins stand out like gnarlèd vines
  Around some rugged tree,
And from their sockets stand his eyes;
  Yet ever on drives he.

And still drives on those foaming steeds,
  And slackens not his pace;
But only prays that they may last
  To win that awful race.
The horses' breath comes thick and hot;
  They quiver, too, with fright;
Then as their pace begins to fail,
  The clearing comes in sight.

And now he quickly reins them in,
  And brings them standing there;
Quick to his shoulder flies his gun,
  A shot rings on the air.
And quick in answer to that shot
  One hungry wolf was gone,
And as he fell by all the pack
  Was he then pounced upon.

To crimson soon was turned the snow,
  And dead wolves strewed the place
Where lately had the driver stood
  With grim death face to face.
And ere that gun had ceased to crack,
  The last gaunt brute was gone;
The driver gathered up his reins
  And once more he drove on.

HYMN TO PHILADELPHIA

Though you may travel many miles,
  And go from coast to coast,
Of all the cities you will see,
  There's one you'll love the most;
It is in Pennsylvania,
  Upon the Delaware,
And all the nations of the earth
  Are represented there.

Her name is Philadelphia,
Tribute to her we bring,
And all who walk upon her streets
With joy her praises sing.
And hospitality for all
Doth in her heart exist,
Which is akin to "mother love,"
That you cannot resist.

When once you've tasted of her joys,
No matter where you roam,
You always will remember her,
And think of her as "home."
O blessed Philadelphia,
Thy name we love to hear;
Within thy boundaries it seems
To heaven we are near.

From Navy Yard to Chestnut Hill,
From Somerton to Zoo,
From Elmwood to City Hall,
We love thee through and through.
Thy river's peaceful waters flow
Out to the deep blue sea,
And mighty ships upon it ride
In perfect safety.

Thou art a city which can boast
Of great commercial wealth,
While latitude and longitude
Make thee abound in health.
We love thy parks and museums,
Thy schools and churches grand,
Thy literature and works of art,
The finest in the land.

Here liberty was first proclaimed
  Upon "that July morn,"
And in good Betsy Rosses house
  Old Glory, too, was born.
Then fling thy standard to the sky,
  And let it proudly wave;
And let all nations know thy worth,
  Thou city of the brave!

MY COUSIN FROM BOSTON

Now, we live in a "country town,"
  As folks are wont to say;
I had a pretty cousin, though,
  Who lived up Boston way.
And invitations oft' to her
  By wife and me were sent;
We wanted her to visit us,
  And would not be content,
But wrote and wrote to Boston.

A letter wife at last received,
  And read it with a smile,
My cousin said 'twould please her much
  To visit us a while.
And we were tickled nigh to death—
  That was, myself and wife—
We knew that she would add much joy
  To our quiet life
If she should come from Boston.

And so we looked around at once
  And got an extra man,
And had him help around the place
  Till it was spick and span.
And to the station then next day
  We had the chauffeur drive,
And meet the train on which she was
  Expected to arrive—
"The limited from Boston."

But he came back and said her wrath
  Upon him she had poured,
And said that she had rather walk
  Than ride up in a "Ford."
And then my wife to meet her ran,
  And kissed her on the face.
'Twas not returned; my cousin said
  Folks thought it out of place
To kiss at all in Boston.

But still we overlooked her faults—
  That was, my wife and I—
We said 'twould come out in the wash,
  In some sweet bye and bye.
So many days she spent with us,
  But worse and worse she grew;
And she would grumble and complain,
  No matter what we'd do—
'Twas different in Boston.

On Sundays if we went to church
  And heard a sermon grand,
Why she would say the preacher was
  The poorest in the land.

On weekdays if we saw a game
  At our baseball park,
She said the grandstand looked as old
  As Uncle Noah's ark—
They had it beat in Boston.

Or if we went to see a show
  At our playhouse new,
She said " 'twas small and second class,
  The show was rotten, too."
"The Tremont and the Hollis Street
  Have got that skinned a mile."
Yes, that's the very way she talked,
  And never cracked a smile—
My cousin up from Boston.

A letter wife one day picked up,
  And womanlike, you know,
She had to read it through and through
  Before she'd let it go.
My cousin's mother it was from,
  It had arrived that day;
She gave the salutation, and
  She then went on to say
That things were dull in Boston.

And then she said "I have a job
  As oyster dealer's clerk,
I need it too, the rent is due
  And father just won't work.
Of course you know I'm mighty glad
  You struck those country folks,
I thought that I would nearly die
  A laughing at your jokes,
Child stay away from Boston."

And then on both my wife and me
  Did it begin to dawn,
That by this cousin, both of us
  Were much imposed upon,
Still we resolved to hold our peace
  And play the game on through
And not let on that we were wise,
  And see what she would do—
This cousin up from Boston.

We took her out to supper then,
  At our best cafe,
I noticed that she ate right well,
  Nor did she long delay,
The suppers cost a dollar each,
  But as we neared the door,
She cast a backward glance and said,
  "That service sure was poor,
  We've got that beat in Boston."

And then she laughed about the friends
  That we met on the street,
We never met a single one
  That Boston could not beat.
And when at last we reached that place,
  Which wife and I called "home,"
She said, as round the cosy room
  Her chilly gaze did roam,
"I wish I was in Boston."

That was too much my cup was full
  And slopping o'er the brim,
My jaw got set and on my face,
  There came a look most grim,

I said, "You'd better go there then,
My work is all in vain.
You are the worst I've ever seen,
You've got more gall than brain,
Yes go on back to Boston!"

My cousin then broke down and cried,
To change she made a vow;
She kept it too, then fell in love,
And she is married now,
They have the cutest little flat
Not many squares away;
She and her husband visit us
Most every other day,
Nor does she mention "Boston."

FIDO

Yes, dat's Fido what you see daih,
Co'se he's gittin' ole an' slow;
An' his bes' days all is ovah now, I feah.
But I'll tell you why we keeps him,
Faw I s'pose you'd like to know,
Hit's a story, too, I'd like faw you to heah.

He was little when we got him,
But he had a heap o' sense,
Dough daih wa'nt no pedigree 'tached to his name.
He was pahtly houn' an' bull dog
An' a little shepe'd, too,
But dat dog he made you love him jis de same.

He was young an' fat an' playful,
Wid a nice clean coat o' haih,
An' his limbs was jis as graceful as could be;
An' his eyes was bright an' sparklin'
An' his hearin' it was keen,
Better dog dan him you wouldn't want to see.

An' de reason why we keeps him
An' we give him sich good keer
Is because dat many, many yeahs ago,
When we chillen all was little
An' ouah daddy was away,
Dat a tramp come up to ouah house you know.

He axed mammy, "Whaih yo' husband'?"
Mammy said he was away
Den at once dat tramp he stahted gittin' bad;
Said dat he mus' hab some money
An' he stahted lookin' roun'
An' I s'pose he'd took de las' cent dat we had.

But somehow it seems dat Fido
'Spected somepin mus' be wrong
An' at once he come a dashin' thoo de doo'
An' my mammy was so skaid, suh,
Dat she couldn't say a word—
She jis stood daih sick an' tremblin' in de floo'.

Den ole Fido's back got bristled
An' his eyes tunned almos' green
An' he also had a look upon his face
Dat said he was daih faw business
An' dey'd be somebody bit;
So de tramp decided den to leave de place.

And he started out a runnin',
Wid ole Fido at his heels,
An' dey looked jis like two racers on a track
Bruthah Bub was yellin' sick 'im,
Jis' as loud as he could yell,
An' ole Fido took him roun' de house an' back.

Man, dat tramp was runnin' puhty—
Coat tail stood out on de win'—
I can't tell you how he looked an' I'm not try'n—
Den I saw him tuhnin' sideways
And I wondah'd what 'twas faw,
It was only so as he could keep from fly'n'!

Fido gib him one good bite, dough,
As de tramp went troo de gate,
An dat dog he was excited as could be.
Den he looked up in ouah faces
An' his tail was waggin' so
Jis as if to say, "Now ain't you proud o' me?"

Bruthah Bub den hugged an' kissed him
An' my mammy hugged 'em bofe,
'Cause daih really wasn't nothin' else to do.
An' when daddy come at night, suh,
An' foun' out what he had did,
Why he called ole Fido in an' hugged him too.

Now aldough he's ole an' feeble
An' his teef is falling' out,
An' his haih is gittin' straggly like an' thin,
An' He can't see like he use' to
An' his hearin' ain't so good,
Still we keeps him faw de good dat he has been.

LULLABY

What's de mattah, honey chile,
You's been cryin' dis long while?
Now gib mammy jis one smile—
  Hush, hush, hush.
All day long you's run about,
Now yo' mammy does not doubt
Dat huh baby's tiahd out—
  Hush, hush, hush.

"Ohthah chillen playin' too,"
Yes, yo' mammy knows dats true,
But dey's oldah, chile, dan you;
  Hush, hush, hush.
Golden sun am in de Wes',
Time faw you to go to res'—
Lay yo' head on mammy's breas'—
  Hush, hush, hush.

Cotton fiel's am snowy white;
You mus' go to bed tonight;
An' git up befo'e daylight—
  Hush, hush, hush.
Say yo' praihs, "I lay me down,"
Chile, you mus' not look aroun',
Dat wa'nt nothin' but a soun'—
  Hush, hush, hush.

Now git in yo' trun'le bed,
Since yo' evenin' praih is said;
Angels flutt'rin roun' you head—
  Hush, hush, hush.
Dough you's tiahd out to-night,
You wil wake up feelin' bright,
Now aint dat a puhty sight?
  Hush, hush, hush.

THAT QUARTET FROM DOWNINGTOWN

Hyeah! you fellers stop dat yellin',
  Wakin' people from daih sleep,
An' a bangin' dat pianner,
  Singin' "Mary don't you weep."
You's as good as lots ob quartets
  Dat you sees a goin' roun';
But you jis can't hol' a can'le
  Faw dem boys from Downin'town!

Dis hyeah aint no place to practice,
  An' to 'speriment on folks;
I declaih to goodness gracious
  You is jus' a lot ob jokes.
Man, you'd close up dat pianner,
  An' you'd th'ow yo' music down,
If you hyeahd a quartet singin'
  Like dem boys from Downin'town!

Go on off down in de cellah
  If you want to learn to sing
So you ha'monize togethah
  Till you hyeah de music ring.
Why hit drives away rheumatics,
  An' you lay yo' troubles down
When you hyeah some raal good singahs
  Like dem boys from Downin'town.

Johnny daih, his voice is shaky,
  Waltah, his is kindah rough,
Henry, his is sharp an' squeaky,
  Matthew his aint low enough.
Den when singin' 'bout ole Pharoh
  Be right glad to see him drown,
Like you would if you was singin'
  Wid dem boys from Downin'town!

If you's singing' 'bout yo' sorrer
  Git dat grin from off yo' face;
I declaih sich kind of actin'
  Sholy is a big disgrace.
Why you bows yo' head wid pity,
  An' de teahs come tricklin down,
When you hyeah dat quartet singin'
  Massah's in de col', col' groun'!

Stop dat tuggin' an' a strainin,'
  Soun' jis like a dyin' calf;
Dough I'se tryin' to be ser'us
  Dat ah singin' makes me laugh.
Stop dat talkin' at yo' practice,
  Lay dat pleggone banjo down,
Else you'll nevah learn to sing, suh,
  Like dem boys from Downin'town!

IN SLAVERY DAYS

'Cindy deah, I jes was settin' hyeah a thinkin'
Dat Ise had a many blessin' in my life,
But de greatest is dat I is still a livin'
Faw to be hyeah at de side of my deah wife.
If you look back at de dangers we has come thoo,
It's a myst'ry dat we's bofe alive tonight;
We has come thoo thick an' thin, you know, togethah,
An' at times de way was ev'ryting but bright.

Co'se we had de bes' ole mastah in de South lan',
An' ole mistis she was nice as she could be,
An' daih wa'n't a t'ing upon dat whole plantation
Dat dey'd hesitate to trust wid you an' me.
But de mastahs wasn't all as kind as ouah's,
An' wid pity ouah hearts did often bleed
At de cruel way de othah slaves was treated:
Yes, it was a awful, awful shame indeed.

If one happened not to pick enough ob cotton
Dey would beat him 'till de blood run down his back.
If he tried to run away ferocious bloodhoun's,
Also men wid guns was put upon his track!
An' sometimes he would be caught an' to'e to pieces,
Aftah he had run 'till he was out o' breath!
Aw else in de dismal swamp would loose his bearin's,
An' would wandah roun' 'till he had stahved to death.

Often husban's from daih wives was separated;
An' young chillen taken from daih mothah's ahms,
To be sol' way off in some fah distant county,
Whaih dey couldn't no mo'e see each othah's cha'ms!
Den you know the Southe'n States become rebellious,
T'ings seemed jis as hopeless den as dey could be,
Faw de slaves was often fo'ced to help daih mastahs
Fight against de side dat aimed to set 'em free.

Yes, dem days was mighty dahk an' mighty bittah,
An' de briny teahs ouah cheeks did often burn;
But bofe night an' day we sought de Lawd's assistance

An' at las' dat "Lane ob Misery" retched its
turn.
Faw Mas' Lincoln wouldn't tolerate no foolin'
An' he tole dem se'eded States like dis, said
he—
"Now if you all don't come back into dis Union,
I is jist a gwine to set de slaves all free."

But dey said dey didn't 'tend to jine de Union,
So de Union stahted draftin' slaves you
know,
Co'se I didn't like to leave ouah good ole
massa;
But Mas' Lincoln called an' I jis had to go.
An' dey gimme dat same flag daih in de conah,
An' we started out an' ma'ched de whole
night long,
Den ouah comp'ny jined wid Ginral Sherman's
ahmy,
An' we plunged into de battle wid a song.

Well, faw weeks an' mont's we fought dem
Rebel soljahs
'Till along 'tween sixty-five an' sixty-three,
It was at de cou't house daih at Appomattox,
Ouah ahmy met wid dat ob Gin'ral Lee.
Well, we marched 'till we was jis dat close up
to 'em
So dat we could almos' look 'em in de eye,
Den ob cou'se ouah Gin'ral yelled faw us to
fiah,
An' we raised ouah guns an' let de bullets
fly.

An' de shells was jis a bustin' all about us,
Wid de dead an' dying layin' all aroun',
An' de colahs dey was almos' shot to pieces!
But dat flag o' mine aint nevah teched de groun'!
Aftah dat you know ole Gin'ral Lee surrendered,
Faw daih wa'nt no use to fight no longah den;
'Cause his soljahs dey was killed off by de thousan'
An' he knowed dat he would soon run out ob men.

So he took his hat off to de Union ahmy,
An' tole Gin'ral Grant his was de victory,
Den Mas' Lincoln he done jis as he had promised;
He jis broke de ban's an' set de slaves all free.
I remember, den, at las' as we was leavin',
Aftah we had knowed no othah home faw yeahs,
How ole Massa let us hab de mule an' wagon,
An' ole mistis eyes, you know, was full of teahs.

An' she said, "now, Sam, you take good keer of 'Cindy,
An' remembah she's de bes' frien' you has got,
May de Lawd bless bofe ob you an' all de younguns,"
An' dem words dey sho has helped a mighty lot.

Den we reached an' settled hyeah in Pennsylvania,
An' ouah younguns kep' on growin' big an' strong,
We was lonesome dough for Liza, Jim, an' Susan,
An' we use' to send 'em lettahs right along.

An' de nex' yeah Massa Lincoln called bofe ahmies
Into Washin'ton an' held de great review,
Cose I ma'ched an' you went daih to see me,
An' I tink we took de younguns wid us, too.
Aftah dat you know daih come to us a lettah,
An' de contents of de missive Viny read,
Den she said, "Why, pop an' mammy, I is sorry,
But ole massa an' ole mistis bofe is dead."

Den you know we bofe sot daih an' cried togethah,
An' we pitied all ob dem lef' on de place,
'Cause we knowed 'twould be so very sad an' lonesome,
'Thout ole massa's an' ole mistis' kindly face.
An' we nevah got no lettahs aftah dat one,
So I s'pose de res' has also passed away,
An yo' day an mine will soon be comin' Cindy,
We aint got much longah hyeah on ea'th to stay.

An' den when at las' life's battle's fought an' ended
An' de vict'ry has been won on Isre'l's side,
An' de soljahs ob de Lawd shall ma'ch up yondah,

Whaih no wah, naw sin, naw death can den
betide.
An' de Gin'ral ob de ea'th reviews his ahmy,
What a hallelujah time it den will be!
An' we'll see ole mas' an' mis', an' Massa
Lincoln,
Yes, indeed, I know we'll hab a jubilee.

MEMORIES OF DIXIE

By my fireside I'm sitting,
And I ponder all alone;
And I watch the flick'ring shadows moving
round.
While the bleak wind howls and whistles
Just outside my northern home,
And it piles the snow in drifts upon the ground.

In my mind there are awakened,
Memories that long have slept,
But, alas! they only fill my heart with pain,
For I long once more to linger
In the place where I was born,
And to live in dear old Dixieland again.

And I long to see the river
And to stroll along its brink
While its depths reflect the moonlight's golden
glow.
And for Dixie's balmy climate
All my soul doth long tonight,
Where the roses and the orange blossoms
grow.

On the old bench with my sweetheart
I would love to sit again,
And to kiss hĕr as I hold her soft warm hand.
Then to listen as she asks me,
With a smile upon her face,
"Dear, now tell me, aren't you proud of Dixie-
land?"

Give me back those happy moments
That I spent when by her side,
And to that dear humble cabin let me go.
By the moonlight let me court her,
As I did in days gone by,
As I sang and played upon my old banjo.

Then no matter what the future
In her arms for me might hold,
I would gladly give, and would not count it
vain,
If but only for the ev'ning
I could see her lovely face,
And could live in dear old Dixieland again.

But, alas! fate wills it different,
And my wishes count for naught,
Although many earthly joys have come to me,
She is gone whom once I trusted
On this earth the very most,
And her loving smile again I shall not see.

Nor again when it is ev'ning,
And the sun is sinking low,
By her gentle, trusting side shall I e'er stand.
She has gone to where the flowers
In their beauty bloom for aye,
For she sleeps beneath the soil of Dixieland.

TO BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

And thou, O Washington, art dead!
  Thou who hast done so much
To free thy people from the grasp
  Of ignorance's clutch.
A message too of hope thou brought
  To those whose way seemed drear;
Thou didst revive their fainting souls,
  And fill their hearts with cheer.

Though born amidst most trying times,
  Thou upward kept thine eyes;
And strove to help those farthest down,
  And lead them to the prize.
Discouraged oft' by word of foe,
  And e'en by word of friend;
Thou still kept on, nor stopped to rest
  Till thou achieved thine end.

A school thou founded in the south,
  Where worthy youth might come
And be prepared both for this life
  And their eternal home.
Nor were thy noble efforts lost,
  Nor sacrifices vain,
In lifting them thou placed thyself
  Upon a higher plane.

A source of inspiration thou,
To many souls hast been;
For thee will mourn all those who dwelt
Tuskeegee's walls within.
Nor is Tuskeegee all alone
In grieving o'er thy loss,
For countless multitudes shall grieve
For whom thou bore the cross.

And never did they see thee once
Stop to bemoan thy fate;
But thou dids't strive to right the wrong
By toiling soon and late.
Thou gave thy life for love of man,
Enduring grief and pain;
And now we know that our loss
Is thy unceasing gain.

And did I say that thou was't dead?
I mean, thou art at rest;
Thou dwellest in that happy land
Prepared just for the blest.
As long as Tuskeegee shall stand
Her noble place to fill,
As long as men shall praise her name,
Shalt thou be living still.

DAT LITTLE ROOM OB MINE

When de worl' seems blue an' lonesome,
'Cause my friends has turned me down;
When I seek faw words ob comfort,
But instid I git a frown;
I don't waste no time a foolin',
But I take it faw a sign,
Dat it's time dat I was movin'
T'wa'ds dat little room ob mine.

Dough my heaht is almos' breakin',
Still I straightens up my lip;
An' decides dat on dis life, suh,
I will take a tightah grip.
Den I heah de bees a hummin'
In de honey-suckle vine
Dat am growin' roun' de window
Ob dat little room ob mine.

Den de conahs an' de bah rooms,
Dey don't hol' no cha'm foh me
'Cause dat little room whaih I live
Is as cheerful as kin be.
It's my palace an' my kingdom,
An' it sho' is mighty fine,
Faw to know I rules supremely,
In dat little room ob mine.

It is quiet when I want it,
  Aw it's full ob life so gay;
I can sing an' I can whistle
  'Till I drive my troubles 'way.
I don't know no othah place, suh,
  Whaih I'll sich a welcome fin',
As I do when I am sittin',
  In dat little room ob mine.

I don't want no grand pianner,
  I don't want no gramerphone,
When Ise got a good ole banjo,
  An' it's all my very own.
I can play it in de evenin',
  When de moon begins to shine,
An' dey'll be no one to stop me,
  In dat little room ob mine.

An' I keeps de daily papers
  An' some books upon a shelf;
On de wall Ise got some pichters,
  An' I painted 'em myself.
Talk about yo' schools ob learnin',
  An' yo' colleges so fine;
I can git mo'e eddercation
  In dat little room ob mine.

I don't min' de summah weathah,
  When de days am long an' hot;
'Cause when I gits to dat room, suh,
  All my troubles is fawgot.
When my daily wohk is ovah,
  'Fo'e you ax me whaih Ise gwine,
You can figgah dat Ise headin',
  Faw dat little room ob mine.

I don't min' de chilly wintah,
When de snow is on de groun',
When Ise got a big hot fiah
An' daih's comfort all aroun'.
Daih is peace in daih on Sunday,
And it seems almos' divine,
As I sits an' reads my Bible,
In dat little room ob mine.

START TODAY

Would that you could see the fortune,
That is lying at your door;
Would that I could make you grasp it,
But you, heedless, pass it o'er;
And that fortune is "the present,"
And how fast it flies away!
For 'tis made of golden minutes
Oh, how priceless is "today!"

Those who dwell amid vain pleasures,
Wasting minutes, days and years;
Drifting backward in life's struggle,
Find tomorrow filled with tears.
Those who reap the greatest blessings,
Those who conquer in the fray;
And who reach the goal tomorrow,
Are the ones who start today.

Cease to waste these precious minutes
In frivolities and strife,
Lest you multiply your sorrow
In the autumn of your life;
Start today and face the problem,
Wait not 'till tomorrow comes,
Lest you find you've missed the banquet
And have nothing left but crumbs.

He who on the wharf lies sleeping,
"Waiting 'till his ship comes in,"
Often finds when he awakens
That it has already been;
Oh, the world would know no paupers,
Prisons then could not exist,
If the crime, of wasting minutes,
Men and women would resist!

Could you realize the danger
Which accompanies the shirk,
You would cease procrastinating,
And would now start in to work
At the task which lies before you;
And no longer would you say,
"I'll do thus and so tomorrow,"
You instead would start today.

WHEN MARIA CALLS THE CHICKENS

When the busy day is done,
And the slowly sinking sun
  Fades from view out in the rosy tinted west,
Then a gentle voice I hear,
As it calls out sweet and clear,
  Ere the humble village folk have gone to rest:
Here chickie, chickie, chickie, chick!
When Maria calls the chickens home to roost.

Then from far across the hill,
They come running with a will,
  For they love to hear that pleasant welcome sound.
And I love to hear it too,
So, dear friend, I know would you,
  Should the honor fall to you to be around.
Here chickie, chickie, chickie, chick!
When Maria calls the chickens home to roost.

And they flock around her feet,
In their eager haste to eat,
  For Maria has her apron full of grain
And she throws it far and near
And they seem to have no fear,
  As her young and cheerful voice rings out again,
Here chickie, chickie, chickie, chick!
When Maria calls the chickens home to roost.

And they peck and hunt around,
Until ev'ry grain is found,
  One by one they go to roost then for the night,
As the darkness settles down,
O'er the quiet sleepy town;
  And I faintly hear her in the fading light:
Here chickie, chickie, chickie, chick!
When Maria calls the chickens home to roost.

ON THE CAFE CAR

When you're tired of the city,
  And you want to get a job,
That will thrill your tired body
  Till your heart will fairly throb;
Where the linen all is spotless,
  And the silver clean and bright,
And where flowers deck the table,
  And there's gas to make it light—
    Get a cafe car.

Then a fellow feels like working,
  If he gets a decent run;
And you meet all kinds of people,
  And it sure is lots of fun.
And there's something most poetic,
  When at last the meal is through,
And you sit beside the window,
  Having nothing else to do;
    On the cafe car.

And there's music in the car wheels,
As they hum along the rails,
There is also rhyme and rhythm,
As their song your ear assails.
And you gaze with rapt attention,
As the rocks and trees rush by,
Or you look across the prairies,
Till they seem to meet the sky;
On the cafe car.

Now you crawl out on a trestle,
Kinder cautious like and slow;
There is only air about you,
And a tiny stream below.
Then you plunge into a tunnel,
Where it gets as dark as night;
And it happens all so sudden
You forget to make a light;
On the cafe car.

Now you wind along a river,
Or a canyon deep and wide;
Now you see some snow-capped mountain,
Now into the station glide.
Then you go out on a special,
And you stay a week or two,
And you see some "sure nuff cowboys,"
And "some real red Injuns," too;
On the cafe car.

Coming back your car will "dead-head,"
For perhaps a quite a space;
And you rear back in the parlor,
Just as if you owned the place.

Then there comes a great big picnic,
  Or perhaps a holiday,
And out from the crowded city,
  Lots of folks will go away;
    On the cafe car.

Soon the dining room is crowded,
  Just as tight as it can be,
And you try to keep your bearings,
  But you soon go up a tree;
Some old maid says, "please, some butter,"
  Some old bach. "I want a drink,"
Five or six call, "Waiter, waiter";
  And no longer can you think,
    On the cafe car.

Then you see some farmer trav'ling
  For the first time in his life;
He will order something fancy,
  And will eat it with his knife.
Then the passengers around him
  On the floor will almost roll,
As they see him drink the water
  Poured out in the finger bowl;
    On the cafe car.

Then you get four in a party,
  Just about the last of all;
The mother she is short and fat,
  And the husband lank and tall,
The kids are strange and gawky-like,
  And are still more strangely dressed;
The mother all the questions asks;
  And she orders for the rest;
    On the cafe car.

"Say, is that the Frazer River?
And the Frazer Mountain, too?
We are nearly starving, waiter;
Won't you rush our order through?
You can bring me in, please, waiter,
Just one big, brown Sally Lunn.
Let me see now, for my daughter,
Almost any kind of bun";
On the cafe car.

"You can bring my little man, here,
Just one good crisp piece of toast;
And a lamb chop for my husband.
Dear, oh, dear, it seems I'll roast";
And the kids they sniggle, giggle,
And they squirm and twist around.
And the old man acts right hen-pecked,
And he jumps at every sound;
On the cafe car.

"Bring us one small pot of coffee,
And some water in a pot,
And four cups to serve it in, please;
And be sure the water's hot.
I guess that's about all, thank you.
Now, please, waiter, don't be long,
All of us are nearly starving,
Have the coffee good and strong";
On the cafe car.

You go out and get the order,
And you come back on the run;
For you know that she will tip you,
When your duty you have done.

But when they have finished eating
To your feelings you give vent,
You have served some twenty people,
But you haven't made a cent;
On the cafe car.

HOPE

O Hope! into my darkened life
Thou hast so oft' descended;
My helpless head from failure's blows,
Thou also hast defended;
When circumstances hard, and mean,
Which I could not control,
Did make me bow my head with shame,
Thou comforted my soul.

When stumbling blocks lay all around,
And when my steps did falter,
Then did thy sacred fires burn
Upon my soul's high altar.
Oft' was my very blackest night
Scarce darker than my day,
But thou dispelled those clouds of doubt,
And cheered my lonely way.

E'en when I saw my friends forsake,
And leave me for another,
Then thou, O Hope, didst cling to me
Still closer than a brother;
Thus with thee near I groped my way
Through that long, gloomy night
Till now; yes, as I speak, behold,
I see the light! the light!

WHY IS IT?

At times in life such funny things I see,
Or rather they are mysteries to me;
And seeking for an answer as I go,
I strive, in vain, to learn why this is so.

When man pours forth his noblest thoughts, men list',
And grudgingly they grant that he exist;
But when buffoonery to them he doth give,
Then they applaud, demanding that he live.

TO DR. WILLIAM A. CREDITT
President of the Downingtown I. & A. School

I have no old acquaintance,
Nor any have I known,
Whose trials have been greater,
My dear friend, than thine own;
Yet no more Christlike spirit
Would I dare ask to see;
A source of inspiration
Thy life has been to me.

Though tempted and discouraged,
Let not all hope be gone.
This is the darkest hour,
Which just precedes the dawn.
That school for which thou livest
Shall yet go marching forth,
And men shall love and hail it
"Tuskeegee of the North."

No mark of His displeasure
  Doth trials always show,
Those whom God blessed most largely
  Did oft' most troubles know.
Did Job not loose his cattle,
  And all his earthly store
With boils was he not covered
  Till he grew sick and sore?

But God, when Job still trusted,
  His every effort blest.
He multiplied his riches
  And gave him peace and rest.
Then be thou not discouraged,
  Though burdened down with care;
Thou still hast friends around thee
  Who will thy trials share.

That heart that feels most anguish
  Most sympathy can show;
And he can give most comfort
  Who doth most sorrow know.
Good men through all the ages
  For right have bled and died;
The Savior's life was perfect,
  Yet he was crucified!

Thou canst not win earth's praises
  Except thou stand its scorns;
Nor canst thou gather roses
  And not be pricked by thorns.
The master of musicians
  Ne'er plays his sweetest strain
Till grief and disappointment
  Have rent his soul in twain.

The flowers bloom most lovely
When thunders loudly roll.
The poet sings his sweetest
When sorrows fill his soul.
The storm out on the ocean
Doth make us love the calm;
The heart most often wounded
Doth know the sweetest balm.

DOWN WITH THE DIVER

Come where the waves on the ocean toss high;
Come where the deep waters silently lie;
Come where the strange looking animals creep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

Over the side of the vessel he goes,
Meeting with dangers which none but he knows;
Down by some coral reef, jagged and steep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

Down where the sea-monsters, slimy and fierce,
Struggle, his helmet and air-line to pierce;
Where glowing eyes from the dark caverns peep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

Down where the shark and the devil fish play;
Down where the hulk of some derelict ship lay;
Down where the mermaids all gather to weep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

Down where the coffers of rich treasures lie,
Where pirates sank them in ages gone by;
Where weary spirits their long watches keep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

Where the dark shadows spread on the sea floor,
Down in some place he has not seen before;
Down where the sailors of past ages sleep,
Down with the diver, down in the deep.

WON'T YOU PLEASE COME BACK AGAIN?

When the sun sinks low at the gay seashore,
And the children quit their play,
And they leave the beach, and their forts of sand,
Then until another day.
And the crowds grow thick on the great board-walk,
And a stream of chairs roll by.
And the piers are white in a blaze of light,
And the ev'ning breezes sigh.

Though the lovers sit until late at night,
And they spoon upon the sands;
And the breezes waft to their listening ears
The sweet music of the bands,
And the moonbeams dance with their silvery feet,
There upon the rippling sea.
And, though all the world seems so bright and gay,
There is still no joy for me.

Then my thoughts to you, like the rolling chairs,
In a constant stream do flow.
And I live once more in those happy days,
Which now seem so long ago;
And my soul cries out for the sight of you,
And my heart is filled with pain,
And I long to hold you within my arms;
Won't you please come back again?

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

It was on a Sunday ev'ning
As he paused before the door
Of the church upon the corner,
Just a drunkard, ragged, poor.
Now he hears the call to service,
As the chimes the sexton rings;
And a welcome invitation
Unto all their music brings.

Now the crowds go in to worship,
And they see him standing there.
While some pass him by unnoticed,
Others for him breathe a prayer:
Now there comes a solemn youngster,
With a step so staid and slow.
First he pauses near the other,
Then walks up and whispers low:

"Mister, please, are you a Christian?"
And the drunkard's bleary eyes
For a moment flash with anger,
Then the look turns to surprise,
Still no word has he yet uttered,
For his heart is filled with woe;
But the child waits for an answer,
So he sadly answers, "No."

Now the sexton ceases pulling,
And the bells no longer ring;
But the choir has arisen,
And it sweetly starts to sing.
"Must I go, and empty-handed,
Must I meet my Savior so?
Not one soul with which to greet him,
Must I empty-handed go?"

And the man becomes convicted;
In his soul is waged a fight
As two spirits strive for power;
One is wrong, the other right.
Said the child, "I'd be so happy
Could I win one soul today;
Mister, please, oh, don't refuse me,
Won't you come inside and pray?"

As the drunkard hears him pleading
Back to childhood runs his mind;
When around a loving mother
His young arms were once entwined.
Now he sees her, old and feeble,
Waiting for him day by day;
While he breaks her heart by sinning
And by wand'ring far away.

Now the congregation rises,
  Ev'ry person present sings
And the youngster joins in with them;
  Sweet and clear his young voice rings,
"Not at death I shrink or falter,
  For my Savior saves me now;
But to meet him empty-handed
  Thought of that now clouds my brow."

And that stony heart is broken,
  And the man cannot refuse,
So he lets the youngster lead him,
  And decides the good to choose.
And they slowly walk together
  Down the center of the aisle.
Through the church there runs a whisper,
  Here and there appears a smile.

Said the preacher, hand uplifted,
  "I have just a word to say.
Would that we had more young Christians,
  Let us bow our heads and pray."
And the drunkard came to Jesus,
  And forsook his ways so wild;
Rescued from the downward journey
  By the pleading of a child.

THE TRIALS OF AN ENTERTAINER

Well, daih ain't no use in talkin',
  Daih's some folks dat jis won't do;
Dey ain't got a bit mo'e mannahs
  Dan a chile ob one, aw two.
In de chu'ch, aw hall, aw pahlah,
  Makes no diffe'nce whaih you go,
You will meet dat kind ob people
  Dat is boun' to make you so'e.

Dey won't come till ten o'clock, suh,
  So de concert can begin.
Even aftah you git stahted
  Some will come a walkin' in,
Soundin' like a pack o' hosses,
  Jist a stompin' on de floo'.
An' dey'll walk right straight up front, suh,
  So daih finery dey can show.

Den dey'll stan' daih jis faw meanness;
  Staht to squabblin' 'bout a seat;
Now if dat ain't aggravatin',
  Well, I hope I may be beat.
Den you'll see some gall an' feller
  Sittin' on de fust front row
Dat will allus be a tryin'
  Faw to show how much dey know.

An' dey'll sit up daih a talkin'—
  Dey don't want to hyeah daih-self—
An' dey'll keep up sich a racket
  Dat daih can't nobody else.
If dey know de piece you's speakin'
  Dey recite it 'long wid you,
But daih ain't no use in kickin',
  Cause some people jis won't do.

DAT OLE-TIME RELIGION

My! ev'ry t'ing seems new and strange
In dis heah mode'n day,
An' all de ole-time lan'ma'ks, too,
Has done and passed away;
De meetin' house upon de hill,
Whaih mammy use' to go,
Has been to'e down an' in its place
A new one built, you know.

But us old folks what's livin' now,
To res' will all be laid:
An' some one else ouah places fill
Befo'e de debt is paid.
Dey's got a big pipe-o'gan daih,
An' ca'pets on de floo';
An' cushions is on ev'ry seat
From pulpit to de doo'.

Yes, I must say, it was a shame
Dat ole chu'ch to destroy;
My mammy took me daih wid huh
When I was jis a boy.
Aldough, besides de leaky roof,
De floo' was kind o' rough;
As long as it was free from debt
I t'ink 'twas good enaugh.

An' we had such good meetin's daih;
Dey was jis plain an' straight,
But, seein' all de good dey done,
I t'ink dat dey was great;
De preachah he would often say
A kindly word faw some,
An' othahs wa'n, wid haste to flee
From dat fierce wrath to come.

An' how I loved to heah him pray,
Faw nothin' he would miss;
When he had ev'ry blessin' sought
He'd end up 'bout like dis:
"Oh, Lawd, do please stan' by us as
We draw dis fleeting breath,
An' 'ceive ouah blood-bought spirits when
Ouah eyes have closed in death."

De congregation den would staht
To sing dis good old hymn,
Dat seemed to reach de th'one ob God,
As all would sing wid vim:
"Mus' Jesus beah de cross alone,
An' all the worl' go free?
No, daih's a cross faw ev'ry one,
An' daihs a cross faw me!"

An' as dey sung, dat melody
Into my heaht would sink;
An' O de sweetness which my
From dis las' verse would drink:
"O glorious cross, O precious Crown,
O ressurecshun day,
De angels from de stars come down
An' beah my soul away."

Daih wa'nt no big pipe-o'gans den,
Daih wa'nt no fashions new,
Daih wa'nt no ca'pets on de floo',
Naw cushions in de pew.
But what was mo'e de grace ob God
Was in de heahts ob men,
An' people went to chu'ch an' prayed
An' got religion den.

But t'ings has changed in dat new chu'ch;
It seems so strange an' col'.
An' no one seems to worry when
A lamb strays from de fol'.
I likes dese mode'n chu'ches dough,
Faw styles I loves to see;
But dat ole-time religion still
Is good enough faw me.

WHEN GRANNY'S PEELIN' APPLES

Gee, I'm glad that it is winter,
'Cause I know I'll have some fun
Coastin' on the hill with brother,
When our home work all is done.
We can also visit granny
Almost every Saturday,
And if we are good she'll let us
In the garret go, and play.

An' I love to visit granny,
'Cause she always acts so nice,
An' when you are eatin' dinner
She will always help you twice;
Always makes you eat a-plenty,
Says, "You must or you won't grow."
Now I wonder why that grannies,
More than mothers seem to know.

Granny's got a great big cat, too,
And I guess he stands that high;
But there's something strange about him,
'Cause he won't eat apple pie.
Then she's got the cutest pie pans—
Ain't no bigger 'round than this;
An' she always fills them "special,"
Ev'ry day that we don't miss.

When the cellar door she opens,
Granny down the steps will go,
And they kinder creak beneath her,
As she treads them sure and slow.
Though she tells us that we needn't,
Right behind her we will run;
For we know she's after apples,
And there soon will be some fun.

'Cause when granny's peelin' apples
She can use such funny terms;
Says, "you mustn't eat the peelin's
Or you'll be contractin' germs."
But I like to get a long one
That is striped with red an' brown,
An' its fun to hold it up, so
Then just kinder eat it down.

An' when granny's peelin' apples,
If we act right good an' nice,
She will take a nice, big ripe one
An' will cut us off a slice.
An' when granny's peelin' apples
There's a twinkle in her eyes
As she says, "Go play, you youngsters,
Or you'll get no apple pies."

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